THE GLADSTONES.

THE FATHER AND THE SON-MRS. GLAD-STONE-MR. GLADSTONE'S LATEST PANEGYRIST.

Your pious wish that Mr. Gladstone should visit the United States is most unlikely to be gratified. Why should he not? you ask, and you refer to the "complete repose attainable on American soil" as a reason for his going there in search of the strength which at this moment it is feared he sadly needs. Unhappily, Mr. Gladstone does not share this humorous view; it is too humorous for the English mind. And you have supplied the answer to your own question in saying that he would receive a welcome such as was never offered to any other native of the Old World. It is the welcome he is afraid of. He admires America and Americans, but he may be, and probably is, sceptical about the popular disposition to respect and promote his privacy. That,

oo, seems a humorous view. Nor is it certain that the aged statesman would prefer a welcome of that kind. He has shown on various occasions, and notably during his progresses in Scotland, a great capacity for accepting applause. He rejoices, as other aged statesmen have rejoiced, in the enthusiasm he exsites. I almost think he might like to go to America in order to see the exhibition of it with which you would undoubtedly provide him! If there were none, he would be disappointed. If there were, on the other hand, as there must be, of social life. He has not hesitated to do it on a great outburst of irrepressible popular homage, would task his strength beyond reason. That is the dilemma, and it is one from which no way of escape is visible.

There is a third difficulty. He has consecrated the remainder of his days to the cause of Home Rule. He remains in public life, as he is constantly saying, for that, and he is in need of all the energy he can command to keep the Home Rule lamp alight. You could hardly expect a man of Gladstone's eminence to visit America in order to compose the feuds between rival Irish factions, or to set flowing once more that stream of gold which so long poured into the treasury of the League, and pours no longer. Besides, he might find that the majority of the Irish-Americans are still Parnellites, and, were that so, the shock to him would be a great one. There are other reasons against any such adventure, but per-

The death of Mr. W. H. Gladstone has been an occasion for the expression of sympathy from many quarters-some, perhaps, unexpected. The readiness of the English to keep politics apart from personal relations is one of the surviving amenities of public life. None have lamented the bereavement which falls upon Mr. Gladstone in kindlier terms than those who are most oppposed to his present policy, while among those who have ient messages of condolence, or left cards, may se found the names of many eminent Tories and Liberal Unionists. Perhaps another thing may strike you if you look over the English papers. They refer to this event as if it were almost too private for public condolence. His chief organ in the London press, which discusses it all up and down a column, half apologizes, for the concern it shows, saying that Mr. Gladstone's peculiar position, though it does not justify impertinent the hero-worship they lavished upon him. Perhaps interference in his private affairs, involves of necessity a general interest in everything which concerns his family. There is still in the English press, or in a considerable portion of it, a marked respect for the privacies of private life. The better papers do not think every incident, every relation or phase of social existence, a fit topic for report and for discussion. The greatest of all these journals writes in a tone of real feeling and regret. I may quote a sentence as an example of what is best in this kind. After avowing its respectful sympathy with the bereaved parents of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, "The Times"

"Mr. Gladstone is a matter of public concern Whatever deeply affects him, for good or ill, is felt throughout the country. Even his political opponents, such as we have been for some years compelled to consider ourselves, ask to be allowed the privilege of sympathizing with him in a serious personal grief like this,"

And everybody asks himself anxiously--anxiously for one reason or another-what may be the was making but a slow recovery. There is some alarm lest the indirect influence may not prove even more serious than the direct. Mrs. Gladstone has been overwhelmed by the loss of her son, and Mrs. Gladstone is one of the mainstays of her husband's life and strength and of his care for

In no important sense was Mr. W. H. Gladstone - public character, except as the son of his father. He entered Parliament young, but he never cared to create a reputation, or to play any other than an unobtrusive part in politics. He had none of the ambition and none of the restlessness of mind which characterize his younger brother Herbert. He was content to be a private gentleman, a good landlord, a pattern of the most domestic virtues. If he had an aim beyond these in his quiet life, it was the cultivation of sacred music, and especially of hymnology. Nature delights in such contrasts between father and son as existed between the two Gladstones. Or perhaps she has exhausted her energies for the time in endowing the father. and goes to sleep for a generation or two-nobody

can say for how long. To be a member of Parliament is in this country the ambition of many able men, and of men whose position is in other respects a distinguished one, or at least considerable. A passion for initials exists, and to be able to write M. P. after his name is to many a man a source of joy. Parliament being what it is, or was, the ambition is respectable one. What is odd is that it seems so often to go no turther. The M. P. is M. P.; that His ambition dries up at the threshold of the House of Commons, and whether he is an able or useful or brilliant member of this august body seems to him of less consequence than to be a member. Very likely he does, in a quiet way, more work than the public ever hears of. He sits on committees, or attends those party conclaves in which the fate of men and measures is so often settled in silence, or he becomes an authority on some question, and his opinion has weight when this particular question becomes a burning one. I never heard that Mr. W. H. Gladstone attained to any of these lesser distinctions, but it may well enough be that he did. The nature of them is not to be public; it is a talent buried in a napkin and unrolled only from time to time. It is perhaps enough to say that he was respected, and, so far as his retiring nature encouraged the good-will of his associates, he had that also. His life was blameless if not brilliant.

It is thought necessary by the friends of the father to warn him that he should keep aloof from Parliament for the remainder of the session. They even tell him so publicly; that remarkable Lor don organ of his tells him so in the course of the article which I mentioned above. It is not quite certain that he reads his own organ. If he does, he may not relish the tone of these remarks, or entirely approve the manner of them. Mr. Gindstone is of an age when a public hotification that he is not wanted might jar upon his susceptibilities. He is not the man to believe readily that the Irish question does not, for the moment, demand his active participation, or to accept the statement that during Supply the action of the private member does not require to be controlled by the official influence of the Front Bench. No doubt all this-and there is more of it-is kindly meant. but the tact and good, taste of it are perhaps doubtful.

A word on Mr. George Russell's little biography of Mr. Gladstone may close this letter. It can be but a word, for I have not read the book, and, I But there are extracts from it in one or two of the morning papers, and I will quote one of them. It should be explained to those, if any there be, to whom the name of Mr. George Russell is not familiar, that he belongs to one of those rival cliques of admirers who surround the great man, and who are always

engaged in a struggle for precedence in his favor, and for the kind of influence which it is possible for such persons to establish over a great man. Mr. Russell gave vent to his dislike of his fellowidolators some time since in a review. Now he

gives vent to it again, thus: "After all, Mr. Gladstone is frankly human, and it is part of human nature to like acquiescence better than contradiction, and to rate more highly than they deserve the characters and attainments of even tenth-rate people who agree with one. Hence it arises that all Mr. Gladstone's geese are swans. He shows what Bishop Wilberforce called a want of clear sharp-sightedness as to others, and he is consequently exposed to the arts of scheming mediocrities, on whose interested opinions he is apt to place a fatally implicit reliance."

It is distressing that such disclosures as these should be made with such extreme plainness of speech. I agree-who can disagree?-with the remark of the reviewer from whom I borrow "We rather suspect that Mr. Gladstone's 'geese and the 'scheming mediocrities' will not altogether like Mr. Russell's book." But Mr. Russell did not intend them to like it. Some of them, or certainly one of them, might give us the other side to this agreeable picture. The public is likely to take an interest in such squabbles. Each of them throws a more or less direct light on the central figure of this group, and his is an individuality about which every detail is interesting. Mr. Russell, I believe, declines to embellish his pages-such is his sarcastic phrase-with traits and incidents observed in the sacred intercourse former occasions; now, discretion seems to him the better part of biography. He has much to say of politics, with some sharp comments on leaders who failed to recognize the budding abilities of Mr. Russell in the earlier portion of the political career which came to an end so untimely. He deals pretty fully with the educational and theological parts of Mr. Gladstone's many-sided life, and even refers respectfully to his Homeric disquisitions, of which scholars speak in terms that are not respectful. It may indeed be inferred from the reviews that Mr. Russell's book, though of no great size, is a trifle ponderous or solemn. Perhaps the reviewers do it and him an injustice. The subject of it has, at any rate, a fascination so irresistible that any book dealing with this theme is one which the American devotee G. W. S. may devour.

THE RUMANIAN ROMANCE.

ITS HEROINE A FORMER PROTEGE OF VIC TOR HUGO.

Paris, July 4.
Mile, Helen Vacaresco, the heroine, or victim, of this city. She used to be a sort of protege of Victor Hugo, one of the circle of bright-minded young people that the great man loved to gather about him in his old age. It is an open question whether he did so through benevolence or vanity or some other motive. Perhaps he found his own youth renewed or his twilight years brightened by associating with young folks. Perhaps he wished to behefit them with sage advice and give them the pleasure of meeting him. Perhaps he enjoyed there was a mingling of all three motives. But the fact remains. And among all those whom he delighted to gather about him, there was none to whom he paid quite so much attention as Mile. Vacaresco. She used to write poetry, and he was eager to read her verses, and sometimes correct and improve them a little, with touches here and "She is a true poet," he once said. A volume of her poems was printed, but only privately circulated.

At Victor Hugo's she became acquainted with a

great many literary and artistic people. As the venerable poet's favorite friend she would at any rate have commanded their high esteem. But he own grace of person and mind also commended her, and made her exceedingly popular. In the summer time she lived with her parents at Archaehou, and there she continued her intimacy with many of her literary friends. Especially was she admired for her readiness of wit and the rapidity with which she could accomplish literary results of real value. During a pienic one day at Cape Ferret she was called on to compose some verses effect of such a blow on a man in his eighty-second on the company. She asked for eight minutes to year, already enfeebled by illness from which he do it, but was allowed ten. At the end of nine minutes she rejoined the party with a satire which was full of real wit and displayed admirable poetic form. It was this among other incidents that brought her to the attention of the Queen of Rumania. That sovereign is not only a dabble in literature herself, but she loves to be regarded as a great patron of arts and letters, and wants to make her little court an intellectual centre. So she sent for Mile. Vacaresco to come to Bucharest and be one of her maids of honor. "I have not forgotten you," wrote Mile. Vacaresco to a French friend. "I often think of Archaehon and our trip to Cape Ferret. My life has changed considerably since then. I am separated from my parents by the affection of my adorable Queen, by the side of whom I lead an existence happy, brilliant and

full of occupation." The Queen was not only adorable but adoring She lavished upon Mile. Vacaresco every possible token of love and confidence, holding her in higher esteem than any other lady of the court. How strong was the Queen's attachment to the maid of honor may be judged from a letter written by Her Majesty a short time ago, before the unhappy ending of Mile. Vacaresco's romance. this century of prose and reality," she wrote, "love has again manifested its power in spite of all opposition; and it is from the land of the sun, from the land of Carmen Sylvia, who sings of the heart and soul-it is from Rumania that this ray of light comes. Down yonder a young man and a young girl love each other as in the days of chivalry. It is Prince Ferdinand and Mile, Helen Vacaresco who set before us this precious example of valiant love braying the housand storms raised by the shadow of that crown which hovers over the head of the young Prince. The Rumapian Nation will applaud this union, and all really patriotic hearts will beat with joy when the happy couple plight their troth

at the hymeneal altar." The Queen's heart was fully set upon the marriage of Mile. Vacaresco and Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, the Crown Prince of Rumania. She encouraged their wooding in every possible way. She went about with them, and had her photograph taken with them sitting at her feet, their hands clasped in hers. King Charles himself also strongly favored the match. And certainly the two young people were most sincere in their devotion to each other. But questions of State arose. The leading men of all parties stood together in assuring the King that Prince Ferdinand must renounce his sopes of reigning if he married Mile, Vacaresco. Their reason for saying this was that the proposed match would simply replunge Rumania into the disorderly condition from which it was res cued by the accession of a foreign Prince twenty five years ago. Rumania was too long given over to the intrigues and quarrels of the rival Boyard families, and the sensible part of the population fully appreciate the boon which the country has enjoyed since it has been governed by foreign King and Queen, who, being above all the families in the land and unconnected with any of them, were not exposed to clannish jealousies. A Ministerial council was held to consider the case, at which the King strongly urged that the Prince be allowed to marry Mile. Vacaresco. But his Ministers bluntly said : "Well, sire, he can marry as he wishes; but if he does, he will never reigh, and the marriage will be This settled the matter. fatal to your dynasty." The King and Queen still personally desired the wedding to take place, and so did the general public. But the final decision was against it. Prince Ferdinand sware that he would not give up his flancee, but would resign his claims to the succession first. He was prevailed upon not to take this step, however, at least for the present.

ETRETAT IN DANGER.

CIVILIZATION BEGINS TO MEDDLE WITH QUAINT NORMAN HAMLETS:

Etretat, Normandy, July 1.

The fame of Etretat as the summer green-room of Paris is rapidly yielding to the invasion of English and American wealth and fashion. With a sigh Bohemia beholds the vanishing glory of its retreat, made known half a century ago by the novels of Alexander Karr and popularized later by a band of straggling artists whose names and canvases are now famous. W. D. Howells and Henry James first introduced the Anglo-Saxon to the charms of Etretat. Half hid in a scallop on the Norman shore, guarded by huge white cliffs commanding a sea that rolls majestically to New-York harbor, lies this quaint fishing village. A broad beach affords unsurpassed surf bathing. The rugged grandeur of the coast is softened by the fine old chateaus and parks scattered among the receding hills, through whose valleys wind grand avenues of trees, with here and there outlying fields of wheat bespangled with cockle and wild flowers and redolent of wood and sea. But the true glory of Etretat departed when the Prussians came in and, emptying the contents of the village postoflice into the sea, changed the color of the fisher folks' little world.

Fashion or civilization has followed the Prussians into this Norman fisher folks' paradise. The younger generation is discarding the traditional sabots and peasant cap and aping Parisian finery. A rabid Republican Mayor threatens to bring about changes little dreamed of in the days when Diaz, Faure and Albert Wolff led an ass garlanded in flowers down the highroad, and, stopping the coach, compelled Offenbach to step down and mount the ass, which the gay Bohemians then led in triumph through the village. These were the days when Etretat was the boykood home of Hugo Merle, who sleeps now in the village churchyard; and Coubert, in his bird-nest studio, which still swings over the cliff, painted his famous "Wave," now in the Luxembourg. Last year the Mayor silenced the curfew, which since the days of Norman conquest had been the village monitor, marking the entry and the exit of many a romance, the inspiration of The Bon Dieu, the wooden cross on the cliff, has been removed, be cause it came within the limits of the land purchased by his Mayorship. Demolisher of Norman faith and pride, the same Mayor advocates a railroad. Then, indeed, will the simplicity of Etretat e a tradition.

Glorious was the day we mounted the coach at Les III and settled to feast our eyes on what is generally conceded to be the most picturesque drive in Normandy. Now in the valley, now on the hill-top, with the great whitecap of the sea the royal romance in Rumania, is well known in in the distance, the salt of its spray wafted by interlying fields of wheat and brilliant flowers; now lost in billows of fleecy clouds or shadowed by splendid pines, their proud forms rich in moss and ivy; then dashing by ancient chateaus or primitive farms with fern, wild flower and moss thatched roofs; stopping at taverns to quaff Norman cider, then away again pursued by urchins pleading for sou, we finally came in the highroad overlooking the summer home of Guy du Maupassant.

Enseenced in almost an impenetrable wall of greenery, it nestles in the valley, where Maitpassant spent his boyhood and laid the scene of his earlier tales. Originally it was a single room in which he lived with his mother, but with each successful literary venture, Maupassant has added a wing, until to-day it vies with the ancient chateaus of the valley.

On the opposite side of the road tower the tlements and turrets of the splendid chateaus of Queen Isabel, of Spain; then the spacious home of Offenbach, where he wrote "The Grand Duchess," and where his daughters continue to pass their On a neighboring hillside is encountered the villa of Mr. Richard Corbin, of Philadelphia, many years a resident of Paris. His daughters have married into the French nobility, one being the wife of Count d'Aygues Vivel. Every hamlet on the coach road has its picturesque stone church and neighboring churchyard, rich in white, purple and black-bead wreaths souvenirs of the survivors' affections. Soon we were rumbling by the Villa Fleuris, whose horticulture evoked a cry of delight to be silenced by a son of Madame Grandy.

"That's the Countess's villa. Don't know the Countess? Well, she hasn't been a countess long, but what matters, the title will be on her tombstone, and her ambition achieved. She was an actress in her youth, a long time ago, to be sure. She resembles now a bit of cracked Egyptian ceromic chronologically mended with jewels of every epoch. Penurious old soul in the Countess. After the Count's death the flowers disappeared from the gardens. It is not comme il faut to have flowers blooming when the mistress is in mourning,' sighed the Countess." The villagers greeted us as our Jehu reined up

at the coach office. It was a page out of the 1840 chapter of American history. The shop windows of Etratat reflect Paris, and on the beach is much of the aroma of the Bois de Boulogne. The French take pleasure simply. The display and rivalry of wealth in dress, equipage and entertainment characteristic of American watering resorts is not met on the Norman shore. Beneath the beach flows at ebb tide a stream of freeh water. Every morning the washerwomen with the dirty linen of gay Parisians on their backs may be seen wending their way to the beach. They dig holes in the white pebbles, the fresh water gushes forth. The clothes are dipped beach. They dig notes in the clothes are dipped fresh water gushes forth. The clothes are dipped in irrespective of color or texture, concentrated lye is poured over them with a recklessness that would derange a New-England housewife. The pebbles form the washboards, and fregile lace and pebbles form the washboards, and fregile lace and costly embroideries are unmercifully beaten. With the coming in of the tide the washing is hustily gathered in packs, hauled higher up the beach and

spread out to dry.

Bathing begins at 10 o'clock and continues until 12. The beach is a panorama of color. rathing begins it to be seek as confirmed until 12. The beach is a panorama of color, fashion and beauty. The bathing suits of French women are not as chie as those at their American sisters, while often they are liable to be quite as modest. They wear no stockings. An evening assime is watching the lisherwomen and girls and up the bonts. Like dumb, driven cattle haul up the boats. Like dumb, driven cattle they make their hundred revolutions round the spindie day after day, for the princely sum of four dollars a year. They live in dread lest a modern invention rob them of this ancient means of livelihood, as the machines of house long since silenced their looms. On red herring hauls and the summer visitor subsist these and the summer visitor subsist these rine-teenth century offspring of eleventh century ancestry. No kingdom preserves a more invincible aristocracy than those Norman fisher olks. They have much in common with Ca od and Massachusetts fisher folks, many of who Cod and Massachusetts fisher folks, many of whom trace their origin to Normandy. All strangers are dubbed "the brothers" and English and American accent finds readier welcome in the peasant's cottage than Paristan, because many Normans have goose to Paris, accumulated fortunes and are fond of returning to their native heath with pervenu airs. The easino is beauty, fashion and celebrities' camping ground. It was built at the suggestion of Guy du Maupassant, Offenbach, and Albert Wolff, the "Figaro's" famous art critic, who continues to speed his summers at Etretat, as do many stars of spend his summers at Etretat, as do many stars of Comedie Francaise, Opera Conique, and Grand Opera. There is a charming theatre and ball room, and a mild Monte Carlo in the salon of the Opera. There is a charming theatre and ball room, and a mild Monte Carlo in the salon of the petites chevenx that encircle the racecourse, at stakes not exceeding two francs. Many Americans are recognized at the Casino. Madame Azerdo, a wealthy New-Orleans widow, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Turner, of Boston, Mrs. Lucien Vallois (nee Miss Stebins of New-York), Mrs. and Miss Jarossonn, of Philadelphia, W. H. Lippincott and Henry Bacon, the well-known loston artist, are old habitues Mrs. Johnson, wife of the managing editor of "The Century," and her children are here, as is Madame Fannigani, widow of the Italiah painter, whose work "The Muses," types of American beauty, is in the Metropolitan Museum at Central Park. In her interesting salon at Paris hangs the original pencil sketches of "The Muses," the most beautiful face, perhaps, being that of the wife of the famous yacht designer, Mr. Edward Burgess, of Boston, As Miss Kitty Sullivant, Mrs. Burgess was a widely known helle, who charmed the Duke Alexis at the ball given him in New-York City many years ago.

The most refreshing diversion at Etretat is a

ago.

The most refreshing diversion at Etretat is a morning drive to in belle Ernestine, the famous hostess of the famous inn at St. Jour. Three miles' drive through beautiful mendow land, with the beautiful mendow land, with the beautiful mendow land, with the state of the state of the prince. the blue of the sea ever near, ever far, brings gay parties from Etrett and neighboring villages to breakfast at the ideal toyern of the innkeeper whose beauty and wit Alexandre Dumas, ills. whose beauty and wit Alexandre Dumas, fils, and the poets and tainters of his youth have immortalized. Ernestine is now "fair, fat and forty," mellow in the charms Balzac has popularized. The tavern is a fine, white stone Nor-

man mansion off the Havre coach road, with fine gardens and orchards. It commands the sea. A winding walk flanked with fig and tyy, brilliant with meadow flowers, leads to the tavern door which opens into a hallway resplendent in ancient armor, old brasses and rare faience. The floors throughout are red brick tile, and the walls are completely covered with the autographic paintings of the famous artists of the old and modern French schools. Scores of ansical scroils left by Offenbach, Lamoureux, Sevori, stars of the Grand Opera and Opera Comique, souvenirs of royalty, every phase of artistic life—all attesting the taste of the hostess and emphasizing the esteem in which she is held by the celebrities that tarry at her tavern. Ernestine never soeks Paris, Paris seeks Ernestine! The smile of this splendid Norman peasant puts a rainy day to blushes and sends the traveller on his way rejoicing. Last summer a party of wealthy American girls, among whom were the Misses Aspinwall, of New-York, leased Ernestine and her tavern for the summer on one condition, that no masculinity be permitted to lodge there. Restricting gay Paris to her salon and garden. Ernestine consented, and during the season only two men infringed—the Mayor and the cure. Ernestine fell in love with the Americans, and the Stars and Stripes they left still hang over her dressing-table, and the menu of a dinner the fair Americans gave the poor children of St. Jouir decks her boudoir walls. The New-Yorkers carried Ernestine's fame to America, and this season another bevy of Uncle Sam's daughters are domiciled in this the poor children of St. Jouir decks her boudoir walls. The New-Yorkers carried Ernestine's fame to America, and this season another bevy of Uncle Sam's daughters are domiciled in this ideal tavern. There Albert Wolff and Coquelin Cadet recuperate during August. Every day brings wit and celebrity, but homage is powerless to rob Ernestine of her native simplicity and charms, and the click of her wooden sabots rings as of old on the red tile floor of the only home she has ever known.

"Memma's mouth was made for smiles," said

home she has ever known.

"Mamma's mouth was made for smiles," said the clever son of this famous beauty, apologizing for an unflattering sketch he had made of his devoted mother. "But mamma, has had much sorrow and the corners have dropped."

Despite gavety, alas, Paris has brought sorrow to the hearthstone of la belle Ernestine. So runs the world.

BRIGHT AMERICAN GIRLS.

ONE FAMILY IN PARIS REPRESENTED IN MEDICINE, ART, MUSIC AND AS-TRONOMY.

Conservative France has been forced by foreign importunities to share its most exclusive institutions with the modern woman. In addition to Mile. Bilcesco, admitted last year by l'Ecole du Drott to practise law in the French courts, three of the oldest, and most conservative institutions of France have opened their doors in response to the intellectual demands of the daughters of America. Twenty years ago a woman was unknown in the ateller life of Paris. It remained for Elizabeth Gardner to quit her New-Hampshire nome, cross the sea, shingle her hair, don masculine attire, and enter the Government schools of drawing at the Gobelin factory, where was laid the foundation of her subsequent brilliant career. Julian, then sowing the seed of his present autocracy in the art life of Paris, extended the hospitality of his school to the brave American girl. Bouguereau was not slow to add his enduring recognition to the artist and the woman whose talent, industry and womanliness thus opened the way to all womankind in the art world of Paris. A successor to Miss Gardner came ten years later in the person of one of a remarkable family of sisters, two of whom are pioneers in their respective callings-marked women of the fin de

The Klumphe girls were born in San Francisco mother, a woman of striking personality and executive ability, was early left a widow with an ambitious family and a small competency. From the Pacific Slope she sailed with her house hold goods to Germany where the rudiments of their western public school instruction were broadened in the schools of Berlin. The marked artistic talent of the second daughter, Miss Anna E. Klumphe, brought the family to Paris in 1880 There practically began their intellectual triumphs which have not ceased to elicit the highest encomiums of French savants. The eldest sister was attracted to the study of medicine while in Germany. In the medical school of Paris she found scarcely less enthusiastic disciples of Escopalius in Grecian and Russian women. It was not long, however, until the American girl attracted the attention of the faculty. In 1885 she was admitted as practising house surgeon in the Paris Hospital. Her skill was recognized by the first physicians of Paris. She is the first woman n the medical history of France to hold such a position. Several years ago she became the wife of one of the most distinguished French physicians, with whom she continues to pursue her chosen alling. Last year, a thesis to which she devoted two years' research, was awarded a silver medal by the Academy of France.

Miss Anna Klumphe found at the outset of her career every obstacle removed, so effectually had Miss Gardner's pioneer struggles annihilated prejulice and conventionality. She entered the Julian school and took the first year the annual prize for drawing. At the Salon of 1882 was her first picture. She is the second American woman Salon exhibitor. Since 1882 she has not failed to exhibit at all Salons. Honorable mentions and a medal are her trophies. Anna Klumphe is an indefatigable worker. A pupir of Robert Fleary, Bou-guereau and De Vuillefroy, she continues to attend the Julian School. For years she has sketched daily from 8 to 5 o'clock, besides teaching. A lameness which necessitates the use of a cane cuts her off from much outdoor study. Portrait and figure painting are her specialties. Breadth, individuality and finesse characterize her work. Her pictures are not unknown in America. In October this brilliant young paintes will open a studio in ligotom.

this brilliant young paintes will open a studio in Boston.

In Dorothea Klumphe, the third sister, is America's second Maria Mitchell. A fragile, graceful, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl is Dorothea Klumphe. At the Sorbonne she pursued the scientific course, reaping all honors in mathematics. At the completion of the course she expressed a desire to attend the astronomical lectures at the Observatory. The Sorbonne professors, whose personal interest was clicited by the young girl's attainments, interested with the faculty in her behalf. The Paris Observatory was founded by Louis XIV. In observation it ranks first. Its telescopes are the third largest in the world, those of the Russian and Lick Observatories taking precedence. But the best lenses in the world are of American make. In the two centuries of its illustrious history no woman ever crossed the threshold of the Paris Observatory as a student until the door was opened to Dorothea Klumphe. Proficient as she Paris Observatory as a student until the doof was opened to Dorothea Klumphe. Proficient as she was in Greek, Latin, German and French, the faculty soon discovered in the American girl's linguistic talent an invaluable treasure. At the Astrophotographic Congress that convened at Paris in 1887, Dorothea Klumphe took her seat in the congress chamber of gray-haired savants.

Paris in 1887 Dorothea Klumphe took her seat in the august chamber of gray-haired savants and rendered signal service as interpreter and trans-lator. From attending lectures, she was finally permitted the use of a telescope.

The Klumphe home is a charming rez-de-chansee in the Latin Quarter, into a garden of ancient trees and luxuriant shrubbery peep the atelier windows of Bouguereau, Elizabeth Garden and that Para Bouguereau, Firzabeth Garden and windows of Bouguereau, Elizabeth Garden and Carl Ross. Beneath the garden's refreshing shade the visitor is regaled with a cup of tea and united States cake, while inspiring conversation speeds the moments too quickly. From this delightful home, during two years, Dorothea Klumphe turned her footsteps nightly toward the great, solemn, empty Observatory, and mounting the myriad flights of steep stairs that lead to the huge gold dome where the telescope is mounted, she stadied the heavens with the scientist's devotion. dome where the telescope is mounted, she studied the heavens with the scientist's devotion, return-ing at uncanny hours to the home next. Her levotion did not escape the faculty. The wife of Admiral Mouche, the Observatory director, came of Admiral Mouche, the Observatory director, came to the relief of the young astronomer. In a lefty wing of the Observatory a room was fitted up for Dorothea Klumphe. Its windows command the great capital. A cot, book-rack, chairs, stove, student-lamp, charts, complete its comforts. Here the young student now passes her nights, rising at frequent intervals to light her lantern and climb the dark, spiral staircase that leads to the bridge swinging across light her lantern and climb the dark, spiral staircase that leads to the bridge swinging across the Observatory roof to the dome where the huge telescope is enthrouged. At the base of the instrument is a leather couch on which she snatches rest during cloud passages. Up a ladder with the agility of a sailor she runs to adjust the telescope, and on a chart every observation is carefully recorded. Then across the bridge long after witching midnight she swings her lantern and descends to her chamber alone, the sole occupant of the great, silent Observatories, and the world's leading astronomers, beside contributing to various astronomical journals. As a collaborator she is employed; by the French Government.

A fourth sister is an accomplished musician.

America may well be proud of these remarkable women. The Old World is the scholar's elysium. Its treasures are garnered, however. To the New World Americans must turn, if they hope for adequate financial remuneration. American women

adequate financial remuneration. American women goon awaken to this fact. The Klumphe household will eventually return to their native land to enrich it with the fruits of their industry and

RUSSIA'S SORRY PLIGHT.

OFFICIAL REPORTS OF DISTRESS-THE LAND QUESTION-THE JEWS.

St. Petersburg, July 1. have been on the wing regarding the year's agricultural results. There is likely to be a shortage in the wheat erop, some said; and others, that blight had stricken the cabbages. There will be not much for export, complained the merchants; and it will be hard work to make ends meet, sighed the farmers. It was certain that in some districts the crops were almost a fallure, while nowhere were they up to the standard, and some pessimists began to prophesy that for this year Russia would have to import, rather than be able to export, the products of the soil. There had been blighting frosts, and furious storms of hail that cut the young grain like volleys of rifle bullets. Then, drouth had come to destroy what frost and storm had spared.

. And now the truth is known, or rather can be no longer concealed. It is not light crops, or partial failure. It is, in one word, famine. The wheat crop is on the whole 20 per cent short are almost an entire failure. And as the means of intercommunication throughout the Empire stricken provinces are without money to dreadful to anticipate. The great Irish famine mote a nation of four millions, but this one falls upon a nation of seventy millions, where the want will be even more severe and the possibilities of succor and relief much less. Never in the history of Russia has so dreadful a state of affairs conrealize it all, but what can they do to avert the

kinds of textile fabrics. Cotton goods of every variety, especially, reached the consumers through the hands of Jewish agents, who formed, as it were, the veins and arteries of commerce, over running from the centre the remotest corners of the consumers than the official and semi-official reports that are coming in every day. Says the Minister of Finance, who has sent out commissioners to ascertain the exact condition of the crops: "The winter wheat in South and East Russia has succumbed to the frosts and perished." And those are the best portions of the Empire. At Kierf prices are at the famine mark and still rising. At Kherson winter wheat and spring wheat are both an utter loss. From Tavrida comes word: "No hopes of harvest; no rains; continuous frost and cold; don't sell rye for less than one rouble it. e., twice the price paid last year); everything dry and parched; keep your corn." From Bessarabia the intelligence received is equally doleful: "The corn outlook is hopeless." The Government of Bessarabia apprehends great misery. "The state of the crops in Podolya is in the highest degree unsatisfactory. From the Volga Basin, from Tamboff, and from the central governments generally, with the sole exception of the district of Tsaritirin, where things are fairly satisfactory, all hopes of a harvest have had to be abandoned." Moseow has always been the heart of the trade. Tsaritirin, where things are fairly satisfactory, all hopes of a harvest have had to be abandoned. These are official statements.

Special commissioners and correspondents in the province of Kostroma give a heartrending accounting of the present condition of the people, who are even now living on the bark of trees and other equally unwholesome food. "Everywhere," they write, "we were met by men, women and children looking haggard and wan, their faces fleshless and drawn, their eyes red, as though they were suffering from some peculiar malady of the organs, which had lately broken out among them, their clothing composed of mere rags, and the lower parts of their bodies swollen to enormous dimensions. The doctors of the district reported hunger-typhus, and were apprehensive that it would spread to the neighboring governments. There were thousands of cases of which this is a sample : The father and mother are down with hungertyphus, and are lying in the hospital, while their four or five little children are left without supervision, without shelter, and without food."

Religious considerations play their part in the ghastly tragedy. The orthodox followers of the Czar agree with His Imperial Majesty in believing that the famine, like Nihilism and other ills, is a judgment of Heaven, sent to scourge Russia for its tolerance of Jews and other dissenters from the Greek faith. In their view, the only way to the Greek faith. In their view, the only way to Religious considerations play their part in the

in a holdment of Hawven, sent to scourge Russia
in the Greek faith. In their view, the only way to
avert or mitigate the famine is to present and
the Jews with added fereity. On the other hand,
the Jews an inclined to regard it as a higher to
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the places of an addition of
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the places of an addition of
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the places of an addition of
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the sent to the sent the sent the sent to the
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the sent to the sent to the
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the sent to the
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the sent to the
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the sent to the
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the sent to the
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the sent to the
fleaven sent for just the opposite purpose, and
there are no sent to the sent to the
fleaven sent fleaven sent to the sent to the
fleaven sent fleaven sent to the sent to the
fleaven sent 9 in. deep. Its displacement is 10,940 tons, and it will be fitted with 1,325 horse-power engines. calculated for a speed of eighteen knots. It will have a ram 15 ft. long. The armor down to the water-line will be 10 in. thick, and below, including the keel, 5 in, thick. The armament is to consist of six 8-inch guns in turrets, fourteen inch, six 2 1-2-inch guns, and nineteen 47-millimetre and eleven 37-millimetre rapid-firing guns; also two torpedo dischargers and two torpedo

And then, it it is proposed to open soup-house for the relief of the poor; the soup to be made from the most of animals that have died from tuberoulesis or other diseases, or have been killed because of them. This beneficent scheme has not yet been put Into execution, but it is proposed and strongly urged by some eminent Gov-

One lasting effect of the famine will doubtless be a great change in the land-tenure system of the Empire. A new class of landed-proprietors is

likely to arise. The old proprietors are now gone, most of them rained. After the freeing of the serfs and the establishment of land banks, which vied with each other in advancing money to the proprietors, these latter attempted to introduce a system of improved and at the same time extensive cultivation. Agricultural machinery was imported, but the most important factor-the absence of field labor-was not fully considered by them, hence all their efforts were crippled. Unfortunately, the majority of the proprietors understood practically little about farming. They did not reside on their estates, and left them to the management of stewards who studied their own interests. It must also be said that many of them squandered a great deal of money abroad. At first, when the returns fell short, the interest was not paid at the bank, successive failures necessitated fresh loans, the provincial land taxes increased, bad years followed, preventing them from meeting their liabilities, until gradually the estate became the property of the banks. What was to be done with this vast amount of property, -several thousands of estates,-was the question. Attempts have been made to dispose of part of them by public auction. About 10 per cent have been put up for sale. One-half, however, remained for the banks' account. Peasants only; but the rye crop, much more important, is land banks have recently been established, from 60 per cent short. In some parts of the Empire which village communes suffering from an in-the crops are good. But in some provinces they sufficiency of land obtain means of buying portions of bankrupt estates, thus replacing land owners by peasant proprietors. As it took only are so poor, and as the people of the thirteen years to ruin the landed aristocracy, the same fate-for they have no thought whatever for purchase food from elsewhere, they must the morrow-is probably in store for the peasants. starve. Indeed, they are already starving, and The land will fall into the hands of capitalists, what two or three months more will bring is too and the peasant-proprietors will become tenants, not much better off than were the serfs of old.

The manufacturers do not appear to be much less unhappy than the agriculturists. But the cause of their trouble is evident. It is the persecution of the Jews. In Moscow there is a terrible time, the manufacturers being driven almost to fronted the people. The Government seems to despair. The Jews used to be the salesmen for all kinds of textile fabrics. Cotton goods of every variety, especially, reached the consumers through

the Nijni Novgorod fair, suddenly dropping off as much as 25 or 30 per cent, and continuing so. Moscow has always been the heart of the trade throbbing along these Jewish veins and arteries throughout the Empire. Now that these trade ducts are practically out off, there is great fear less the centre of the textile trade should suddenly siftf to Poland. So desperate is the plight of the Moscow manufacturers that they are thinking of getting up a petition to the Czar. But he is a bad man to present a petition to when the petition asks him to rescind his own ukase.

"STOKE" AT TANGIER.

THE BRITISH QUEEN'S GIFT TO THE SULTAN.

"Balak" and "Ullah Uk bar" were the cries heard on all sides as the elephant "Stoke," her Brhannic Majesty's present to the Sultan, was larded at Tangler on Thursday, the 11th last. But, truth to tel', there was little need of the families "hould" balk care, or set on Thursday, the 11th last. But, unth to tell, there wallistle need of the familiar "bailed need of go out of the way-for the natives, Moors and Jews alike were too much awestrichen by the beast's size an energy appearance to think of obstructing its pleasage Not one in a thousand of them had ever seen an circ phant before, so it was hardly surprising to hear a every turn the plous Moslem expression of surprise and wonder—"Ullah Uk-bar"—the literal meaning of which is "God is great."

Departments.—He—I thought I was to have the sup-per dance? She—Just too lare, Charlle—engazed. He—Oh, then, while you are having the dance I'll go and have supper.—(Fun.

Whether You Travel by Land or Sea

You need a medicinal safeguard. Changes of climate of temperature, brackish water, unusual diet, draughts from open windows that surly fellow passengers will not close -oil these breed aliments against which the surest protection is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, finest of medicinal fortifiers. Sea sickness, land nausea, are promptly counteracted by this agreeable corrective, which is also a capital defence against malaria, the effects of a tropical or chilly tomperature, damp and exposure. Persons of sedentary pursuits, mill operatives, mariners, miners, engineers, frontiersmen, persons of every calling involving mental fatigue, excessive bodily effort, and liability to unhealthful influences of any sort, regard it as an incom-parable safeguard. Billousness, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, sick headsche and kidney trophics, are of fectually subdued by the great alterative.